

THE REFERT

VOL. 2.

KEYSER, W. VA., MARCH 20, 1907.

NO. 6

A Real Valentine.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

Receiving this blunt advice, "Bess," for that is what "Budgy" called his sister, quietly settled herself before the fire in a comfortable old rush bottom rocking chair. Only then did she really begin to realize the condition of affairs. Emotions of fear and distrust, confidence and bravery, had a lively chase through her brain until her head set to thinking and aching. She would not betray her feelings; but she was very anxious for that half hour of quietness to pass. If only her mother and older brother were there, but she did not expect them until the next day. "Who are these men? What would they do after Budgy was better, and they learned that no other was in the house?" These and many other questions as puzzling whirled through her brain. Bess knew the way of the average "hick," and a Frenchman she had always despised. Yet there seemed to be something about each of these men that invited confidence. And even then they were doing only the kindest and most considerate acts. Then, too, the man in the kitchen did not look at all rough; and he who was so very attentive to "Budgy" seemed much different from the ordinary "hick". Indeed he did not seem to be a lumberman at all. His suggestion that she take hold of his arm made her shudder at first, but it was either do that or fall in the road. No one else in all her twenty-two years, so far as she could remember, had ever dictated to her as he had done in the past hour and a half. And yet there was a gentle positiveness in his manner that caused her to obey. And here she was, and had been for nearly one half hour sitting before the fire, still and almost breathless just because 'he' said she should be perfectly quiet." All this excited her the more, and when she had nearly determined what she would do, she heard Budgy's voice. As awakened from a sound sleep, he drolled out, "Where's Bess?"

In an instant she was kneeling by the small cot, whereon sat her little brother yawning, and stretching his arms to their full length. As he sat there, blinking at the glaring hearth-fire, he made

such a funny picture, that for the first time that night the house rang with laughter. Just as Bess caught him in her arms and planted a kiss of sisterly appreciation on each ruddy cheek, supper, or whatever the ten o'clock meal might be called, was announced by "Shorty". Still somewhat bewildered, "Budgy" looked at Bess and inquired who those two men were and what they were doing there; to which Driscall replied, "Well 'Budgy' we will find out who is who while we all eat and drink something hot. So come along! Everybody follow the cook." And again Bess obeyed, as Budgy led the way to the dining room.

Here another laugh rang out as "Shorty" assumed the double role of host and servant. And what a supper! Bess wondered where "Shorty" found it all. It was not so elaborate, perhaps, but nothing could be more appetizing or nourishing to those who had lately suffered from fatigue and cold. A savor which proved the presence of good sweet ham and fresh eggs, old-fashioned Dutch scrapple, and steaming hot coffee, filled the room, and broke down all formality and caused a feeling of good cheer to well up in Bess' heart. "Budgy" was now wide awake and enjoyed "Shorty's" queer antics about as much as the meal. Driscall then told how "Budgy" was discovered in the snow, only by "Shorty" stumbling over him. And at this Budgy's eyes spread more widely. Then "Budgy" told how he and "Dan" the colored servant, went to town, how the latter imbibed too freely in liquor, became contrary, and refused to go back home. "Budgy" had promised Bess to be home by half after eight o'clock, so he started along the road, everything suddenly became black—and he knew nothing more until he "saw that big man" (pointing to Driscall) "leanin' over him, and saying, 'You all right now Budgy'?" Then sitting straight in his chair and addressing Driscall, he asked, pointedly, "And now we want to know who you are. We know Shorty, but who are you?" Bess had juggled that question since she had been commanded to "keep perfectly quiet," but she gave Budgy a look that showed her disfavor for that youngster's presumption. "Shorty" howled with glee at Driscall's confusion, while the latter, seeing he could not parry the question, simply said, "Well, Budgy, call

me "Doc". The Frenchman said he would take charge of matters in the kitchen, and that the rest of the party should go to the sitting room.

Hardly had Driscal and Bess seated themselves before the fire-place before Budgy huddled himself up in the former's lap and soon went to sleep. "Now Miss Bess," began Driscal, "I would like to know how you got here and how many people live with you. Surely you are not here with only this little brother. And I do not believe that you are natives of this town or county." Bess' confidence in this new acquaintance had grown, and unhesitatingly she answered, "No, Budgy and I do not live here alone, neither are we natives of this place. Father died about two years ago, and one month afterward Harry, our older brother, was graduated from the theological seminary at—. He came here to take charge of a congregation in this town, but soon grew tired of being alone, and, after working one year, he persuaded mother to move here, where we could all be together. Harry did not desire that we should live in the town, so he secured this old log house for us, which suits his desire for things and places, rustic and old. And, even then, it may not be just what we would like, the house is full of love, and when that is the supreme motive either in family or individual, there you will find the greatest happiness."

Seeing that she was such an interesting companion, and Shorty still being busy in the kitchen, Driscal asked, "Where did your brother Harry attend College?"

"At Charleston," she answered, and walking to another room, whence she returned carrying something, continued, "You look to be a man who would be interested in foot ball. Here is a picture of the Charleston College team, which Harry captained in his senior year. And I have always been so proud of the picture, because "Harry's team," as I always call it, won every game except one; and that was lost by only one point."

As Driscal scanned the faces on the football team picture, his eyes stopped when they fell upon the face of a man sitting in the midst of the squad, holding a football in his arm. Pointing to that face, he asked, "Is that the likeness of your brother?" While at the same time he stole a sly, but penetrating glance at the girl at his side. Whether she caught that glance, or because of the pride she had for her football hero Harry, there mounted to her cheeks and temples, a scarlet blush, as she quietly answered, "Yes, that is a good likeness of Harry." "Miss Bess, may I ask what your full name is?" asked Driscal.

"Simply, Bess Darnell," she answered.

"And Harry Darnell, of Charleston College football fame is your brother?" he queried, very deliberately.

"Yes".

"Did Harry ever tell you about the game his team lost by only one point?"

"Yes, often, and he seems to play it all over again each time he relates it."

"Will you tell it to me?" asked Driscal in a manner which showed much interest in that particular game.

"Well—I do not know much about football, and my explanation may not be very satisfactory. Then too it is quite late and here comes your friend "Shorty", our genial host, and excellent cook," she replied pleasantly. "Shorty" came in in time to make a most profound bow in return for the nice things said about him. Then Bess resumed, "You men have been very kind to "Budgy" and me to-night; and, as the storm is still raging outside you must remain here until morning. "Dan" will not return tonight, and I would be afraid to stay here with only "Budgy". Then she handed Driscal a lighted candle and told him and Shorty to occupy Harry's room, "just at the top of the steps".

"Shorty" lost little time in getting under cover, for there was nothing in the room that appealed to him. But Driscal saw at once that the room was a typical student den. And, disregarding "Shorty's" calls to "come to bed", he took the candle close to several pictures on the wall, and studied each with an interest that would indicate his having seen them or those places before. Then he stopped before a large white card, hanging under a large red and blue pennant, and upon which were a lot of figures under this and sentence, "Football scores—Season of 19—. Peering at this most intently, he saw only one defeat recorded. The very last score was Thanksgiving Day: Charleston 4—U. of X. 5. The blood was rushing through Driscal's whole frame, which seemed to be agitated by his living over again a passed experience. Placing the candle upon the dresser, there met his eyes one thing more—the picture of a pretty young girl. Picking it up, he examined it carefully. Then he knew that his imaginings of the evening had not misled him; and he also knew that his tired and excited body needed a night's rest.

Everyone arose the next day much refreshed by the sound sleep each had enjoyed. After breakfast, Driscal showed no signs of anxiety to depart, even though the storm of the night before had passed away. Instead, he sauntered into the unpretentious, but neat little parlor, and seated himself before a small, sweet toned organ. Humming some old tunes that seemed to animate him, he drifted into that familiar college song, "Auld Lang Syne." With so much feeling did his rich, mellow barytone voice repeat "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," that a smile played around the lips of Bess, who, unheard by Driscal, had come from the kitchen. Somewhat confused when he saw her, he continued to the end of the song. Then turning about he ad-

dressed her with, "Now Miss Bess, after you tell me about the football game, "Shorty" and I will go on to the camp."

To this she replied that Harry would be home soon, and he could tell it better than she. And all that she remembered was that it was very exciting; and only in the very last minute did the university of X. score and win.

Not satisfied with this, Driscall asked, "Do you remember what he said about the man on the university team who scored?"

"Not much more than that he was a good plucky player, and a thorough gentleman. Yes, and this too—that he was badly hurt and had to stay in Harry's room for one week before he could leave for his home."

Driscall was now satisfied and sure. "Miss Bess," he asked, "Will you pardon me if I tell you about that game?" Her eyes opened widely in amazement and, forgetting to answer, she simply looked at the man before her. After a pause of fully one minute she replied, "Why, yes, if you saw it;" then quickly asked, "Do you know Harry?"

"Well—yes—I met him once," answered Driscall evasively. Then he related this story. "The Charleston College and University of X. teams have been bitter rivals for many years. Each year they meet in football on Thanksgiving day. In the year 19—, each school had the best team in the history of its athletics; and naturally all attention was centered upon the big game to take place on Thanksgiving day. The day dawned clear and crisp and everybody knew that conditions were such as to warrant a battle royal on the gridiron. The teams were so evenly matched that not many persons ventured to foretell the outcome. Charleston had as its star player, the captain, your bro-

(CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE)

Electric Bells.

A new system of Electric Bells has been installed in the Preparatory School. These bells ring two programs, one for the lesson periods in the Music Department, and one for the rest of the school.

The need for such a system of bells to announce the beginning and the ending of the recitation periods became more urgent when a short time ago the length of the period was changed from one hour to forty-five minutes. The hourly periods were comparatively easy to follow by the striking of the tower clock, but not so the forty-five minute periods.

This system also relieves any teacher of the annoying responsibility of watching the time in order to ring a gong as an alarm at the end of the periods, for the electric system operates automatically.

As regards the time, about the only care we need have now is to keep from experiencing a nervous shock when the bell gives its vigorous ring. It is to be hoped that the electric bells will be as complete a success as they now give promise of being.

St. Augustine Club vs. W. V. P.

The St. Augustine Club of Grafton, W. Va., went down in overwhelming defeat at the hands of the W. V. P's. on Thursday evening, Feb. 21, in the gymnasium of the Preparatory Building. It was very interesting to spectators on account of the excellent team-work of the Preps. Scarcely was the ball in the neighborhood of Grafton's goal. At the end of the first half the score was 27 to 6. In second half Grafton was shut out with two free pitches. The final score stood 8 for St. Augustine Club and 69 for W. V. P's.

Goals from field, Boyd, 23; Cunningham, 10; M. Moran, 2. Goals from free pitchers, Boyd, 2; McDowell, 1; Cunningham, 1; J. Moran, 4.

The lineup was as follows:

St. A. C. S.	POSITION	W. V. P. 69
M. Moran.....	R. F. F.....	Cunningham
J. Moran.....	L. F.....	McDowell
Hussion.....	C.....	Boyd
Gerkin.....	R. G.....	Hodges
Guth Jenkins.....	L. G.....	Abernathy
Jenkins Lally.....	Subs.....	Blackman

Referee—Welch. Umpire, Parsons.

Scorers—Powell and Workman,

Timekeepers—Lally and Hott.

W. V. P's. Lost to A. C. A.

The Preps met their first defeat this year in Basket Ball in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium of Cumberland, Md., Saturday, Mar. 9. The opposing team was the A. C. A's. At the end of first half there was only one point difference in the score favoring A. C. A's.

Goals from field, Fuller, 5; Holzshu, 1; Houck, 1; George, 2; McDowell, 2; Boyd, 3; Cunningham, 1. Goals from free pitchers, George, 3; McDowell, 1.

The lineup was as follows:

A. C. A's. 21.	POSITION	W. V. P's. 13.
George.....	Forward.....	Cunningham
Houck.....	Forward.....	McDowell
Holzshu.....	Center.....	Boyd
Fuller.....	Guard.....	Hodges
Smith.....	Guard.....	Abernathy

Referee—White. Umpire—Johnson.

Scorer—Powell. Timekeeper, Steorts.

This game will be last for this season.

The Preps have played eight games this year, the scores were as follows:

	vs.	W. V. P's.	
4 Keyser	"	"	32
4 W. V. U.	"	"	27
18 Y. M. C. A. Cumb.	"	"	25
20 A. C. H. A.	"	"	24
5 Y. M. C. A. Frostburg	"	"	30
6 D. E.	"	"	37
8 St. Augustine Club	"	"	69
21 A. C. A.	"	"	13

The demerit list that was posted this week is certainly distressing to some. It has been so long since we have seen some of the names it is quite a treat.

Mr McNemar is a very good house keeper, but why can't he make friends with the cat as well as he did with the dog?

THE REFERT.

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Literary Editors—Emlie Coffroth, Edna Hamstead.

Business Managers—Herbert White, Charles Arnold.

SUBSCRIPTION 25 CENTS A SCHOOL YEAR.

Just a word.

Don't ever pine.

Don't ever mope.

Don't ever bid

Good by to hope,

But Push ahead

Say, "Do or die."

And though you fail

Be sure you try.—Ex.

The Work of the Teacher.

To help the young soul; to add energy; inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action; that is not easy, that is the work of divine men.—Emerson.

A Personal Symphony.

To be happy, hopeful, buoyant, kind, loving from the very depths of my heart; considerate and thoughtful regarding the peculiarities and eccentricities of human nature, adjusting myself to each so as to produce harmony and not friction; to be pure in word, thought and deed; broad-minded and liberal, not given to petty denunciation of my fellows; moderate in methods of life; never adding a burden or sorrow where a little forethought would give pleasure; not hasty in speech or action; sincere, candid, and truthful in every detail; conscientious in the execution of every duty; composed, unpretentious and simple, keeping close to nature's heart and always relying on Him I most earnestly strive to serve; keeping ever before me that exemplary life as my rule of conduct toward men, thus creating an influence for good.

This is my idea of making "Life worth Living."

The Ideal of the Successful Business Man.

To be honest, making money honestly or not at all.

To be fair, refusing to injure a competitor.

To be just, remembering that all must live.

To be kind, regarding employees as something more than an investment.

To be healthy, exercising as a duty.

To be sociable, having a side to friends not known to all.

To be lovable, being more to wife and family than a means of support.

To be sympathetic, fearing littleness of soul more than littleness of fortune.

To be broad, accumulating resources higher than the material; above all, to be to one's self, condoning nothing in self which is to be condoned in others.

—Ex.

Mr. O. E. C.—"Prof., how are the chances to get off to-night?"

Prof. R. R. M.—"It's all right—I suppose."

Mr. O. E. C.—"Thank you kind sir. Have a 'Cinco.'"

A Problem.

Knobley, W. Va., March 5, 1967.

The Refert,

Dear Editors:

Will you explain through your columns why the following problem can not be solved?

A ditch of 100 rds. is to be dug, at \$1 per rd. Two men contract to do the work; each to share equally (\$50). One end being more difficult they agree that A. shall receive \$1.12½ per rd. and B. .87½ per rd. How many rds. must each dig to earn his half of the \$100?

Very respectfully,

"Perplexed."

Answer to Problem.

The man who digs at \$1.12½ per rd. must dig 40 and four-ninths rds. to earn \$50. The man who digs at .87½ per rd. must dig 57 and one-seventh rds. to earn \$50. This does not make the 100 rds. They can not earn \$50 each at the given prices and dig just 100 rds. at \$1 per rd.

Prof. S.—(In Latin II.) Miss Kathryn S. conjugate the future subj. of amo.

Kathryne—(After twisting and turning in her chair.) I cannot think of the first. I have forgotten it.

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## LOCALISMS

Examination began Tuesday afternoon.

"Lovers Leap" was visited by a few Sunday.

Quite a few "Preps" spent Feb. 22nd at their homes.

Mr. Vernon McNemar paid Piedmont a visit Sunday.

What is the matter with Frostburg's Basket Ball Team?

Miss Mary Estell Blackman was a visitor at the school Friday.

Prof. Miller, who was called away suddenly March 3rd, has returned.

Mr. Joseph Blackman, of Parsons, was in town and visited the school on Friday.

Mr. E. Anderson expects to attend the play "Wonderland" in Cumberland to-night.

Two of our Faculty paid Cumberland a visit March 9th, and attended the play "The Tourists."

Mr. Odbert Corder attended the play "Under Southern Skies", at Piedmont Opera House March 12th.

The Class in Latin V took their examination on Friday afternoon. We hope they were all successful.

We are certainly glad to have Mr. Horn back with us again, and also to see him resume his regular work.

Miss Inez McNeill was very sick for about a week, suffering with her jaws. It resulted in the cutting of a wisdom tooth.

We, the editors, wish all a pleasant vacation and want to see every face again next term and many new ones enrolled.

Mr. Ernest Pifer, of Parsons, W. Va., was with his many friends Sundays the 10 17. We notice his trips are quite frequent.

Mr. Hutson left for home in Blaine, W. Va., the 18th Feb. He was very sick with the measles, but he is now back with us again.

Mr. Odbert Corder spent a couple days with a friend at Kerns, 5 miles this side of Elkins. This friend was last year a "Prep."

Miss Blanch Chrisman was so unfortunate to sprain her ankle at the skating rink one day last week. We wish her soon recovery.

On account of the remodeling of the Methodist Church the two past weeks there has been no services. This Sunday there will be Sunday school only.

Miss Van Lou Koontz, who has been taking the course in Bookkeeping and Shorthand, is now working for Mr. R. W. Nine. We are glad to know of her success.

Misses Nina Shuey and Mildred Harrison were absent from school Thursday and Friday, March 14 and 15, on account of the late trains delayed by the high water.

Miss Laura Lauck, who is now taking training in a Cumberland Hospital, paid her home and friends a short visit Saturday. All were glad to see Laura and to know she is getting along nicely.

Hurbert White and Clyde McDowell were appointed delegates to the Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Elkins March 1. They report a very interesting convention and we hope they can build up their Y. M. C. A.

Rev. W. C. Ney, who is now stationed at Elkins, W. Va., was here Saturday on his way to Piedmont, where he preached both morning and night at the Lutheran Church. He was with us again on Tuesday. We are always glad to see him.

Mr. Lonnie Thompson, who was taken sick with the measles the 26th, has not yet recovered. They left him with weak eyes, but hope he will soon be with us again. We miss him and are certainly sorry to have him away from his duties so long.

Rev. W. A. Koontz led chapel the week of the 18 of Feb.

On March 4th, he met with a very bad accident. The pavement being very icy, on going into Nine's store, corner of Piedmont and Mineral, he slipped; his right foot going under him, tearing the ligament that holds the knee cap. He is getting along nicely and is now able to walk around on crutches. We hope for his soon recovery and to resume his work.

The last meeting of the Societies for this term was called Friday evening at 7:30, March 15, for election of officers. The Davis Society had very good attendance and elected for next term: Pres., Emlie Coffroth; Vice Pres., Helen Babb; Sec., Inez McNeill; Treasurer, Nell Henderson; Marshal, Hubert Ward; Critic, Clyde McDowell.

In the Reynolds the following were elected for next term: Pres., Edna Hamstead; Vice Pres., B. V. Inskeep; Sec., Bessie Dawson; Treasurer, O. E. Abernathy; Marshal, Kathryn Sharpless.

The last issue of the Refert for this term appears today. Although this term has been short we feel that we have accomplished something. Of course there has been mistakes, but where is an editor who does not make mistakes? All we have done or tried to do has been for the school.

The Refert will continue the same as ever, but more improvement is expected and we want all the help from our students and workers that they can give us. We are going to have a splendid school next term and a fine class to graduate.

The "Potomac Valley Round Table" made up of teachers, principals and superintendents of Maryland and West Virginia meet in Piedmont March 22 and 23, 1907.

They meet in Cramer's Hall and have their sessions: First, Friday March 22, at 2:00 P. M. Second, Friday March 22, at 7:30 P. M. Third, Saturday March 23, 9:00 A. M.

The officers of this association are: Moderator, Supt. Geo. W. Brindle, of Martinsburg; Vice-Moderator, Supt. W. H. Wayt, of Piedmont; Treasurer, Supt. Wright Denny, of Charles Town; Secretary, Prin. Thos. W. Haight, of Keyser Preparatory School.



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ther Harry. The U. of X. placed lots of confidence in the generalship of its captain. And so spectators, trainers, officials and players were worked up to the highest tension when the whistle sounded out to begin playing.

From the beginning the game was stubborn and fierce, and only after nearly 25 minutes playing did either team get within scoring distance of their opponent's goal. Then your brother made a most phenomenal drop kick which simply set the supporters of his team wild."

Bess felt herself getting excited as she always did when Harry told of the game; and she noticed too that the narrator showed as much excitement in rehearsing it as did her brother. "Neither side scored any more points in that half", continued Driscal, "but the second half was even more trying than the first had been. Only football players know what a strain it is upon body and nerve, when they try to win for their college, and find against them players equally well trained and determined to win. Such a football dual had never been seen on the university field before, and I dare say it will be a long time until two such equally matched teams meet again. The strain was telling on every one of the 22 players, when an official announced that there remained but five minutes more to play. Neither side had scored since Darnell made his drop kick; and those four points looked large to the university boys. Charleston had the ball at that time, but lost it on the next play. This was the university team's chance—its last chance to win; and to do so they had to cover sixty yards in four minutes. Every foot of that distance would be hotly contested. There was but one chance and Driscal the university captain took that chance. A fake line plunge, with a sudden dash around Charleston's right end may help matters. Driscal called his own signal for that play, and like a flash he managed to skirt the end; but one man was between the runner and the coveted goal, and that man was the trusty Darnell. Excitement was at its highest. Pandemonium reigned along the side lines. Driscal was then ten feet from the goal when Darnell leaped for his knees and brought him down. The university captain stretched himself to his full length and placed the ball only one half foot over the goal line. The fine points were made and the game won. Then everything became black, and Driscal knew nothing more until he opened his eyes in Darnell's room, and saw a picture exactly like one he saw last night on Harry's dresser."

This unexpected, and rather dramatic ending, nearly took away Bess' breath. And all she could exclaim was, "And you are Augustus Driscal!" and then added, "Why Harry will be glad to see you, for I have often heard him express the desire to meet you again."

Harry and his mother were expected home at any minute and while Bess showed Driscal the photographs of some of Harry's college chums, he told her how he came to be in that section of the country. After completing his college course he took special work in chemistry at the University of X., after which he became chief chemist in his uncle's pulp mill. It was with the view of establishing a pulp mill that he and his uncle had been in the town for a few days. "Shorty" was a friend of his since he met him in a lumber-camp some years before. And finding him in the town Driscal desired to spend a few days in the camp, where Shorty was now located. That accounted for them coming across Budgy and meeting Bess the night before. What other subjects they discussed while musing over those 'photos' was broken by the arrival of Harry and his mother. It took but a moment for Driscal and Darnell to recognize each other; and, while Bess and her mother moved off to another part of the house, these two college football heroes were soon oblivious to all else except a rehearsal of the good times of college days.

"Shorty" and "Budgy" came in from a walk to the town where they had been for the mail. It was February 14th, and Budgy had expected to receive some valentines. "Shorty" assumed the role of cook once more, having obtained permission from Mrs. Darnell. After the meal, when the experience of the night before had been talked over, and every body seemed to be very good friends, Driscal and Mrs. Darnell had a very plain practical conversation alone. She had heard Harry speak often of Driscal and while they were away they had met people who were intimate with the Driscal family. She had learned too that the pulp mill would be established in the town, and that Augustus Driscal would be manager of it. That being the case "Bessie would not be far away from home". So she, Mrs. Darnell, "would not be a party to oppose, but you must speak to Harry too." was what Driscal got.

Driscal had a long talk with Harry, in his study, and they both were drawn closer to each other than ever before, and Harry did not "object".

So that evening after "Shorty" assisted Mrs. Darnell to prepare the supper, which had the appearance of a "special meal", and all things had been cleared away again, Rev. Harry Darnell performed a simple wedding ceremony in which the principals were, Mr. Augustus Driscal and Miss Bess Darnell.

The solemn silence which followed was broken by "Budgy" as he showed "Shorty" the valentines he had received that day, he said, "These are all very nice, "Shorty", but Bess got the best of all. These are all paper but Bess got a man, and that's what I call a Real Valentine."

"Me too," assented "Shorty."

"SQUIB."